

# THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

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From the RAMBLER.

*History of Ten Days of*

SEGED, EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA.

*Nemo tam dives habuit saventes,  
Craftum ut possit sibi polliceri.*

SENECA.

Of heaven's protection who can be  
So confident to utter this—?  
To-morrow I will spend in bliss. F. L. W.

SEGED, lord of Ethiopia, to the inhabitants  
of the world: To the sons of presumption,  
humility and fear; and to the daughters of  
frowns, content and acquiescence.

Thus, in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, spoke Seged, the monarch of forty nations, the distributor of the waters of the Nile: "At length, Seged, thy toils are at an end; thou hast reconciled disaffection, thou hast suppressed rebellion, thou hast pacified the jealousies of thy courtiers, thou hast chased war from thy confines, and erected fortresses in the lands of thy enemies. All who have offended thee, tremble in thy presence, and wherever thy voice is heard, it is obeyed. Thy throne is surrounded by armies, numerous as the locusts of the summer, and resistless as the blasts of pestilence. Thy magazines are stored with ammunition, thy treasures overflow with the tribute of conquered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy fields, and opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy nod is as the earthquake that shakes the mountains, and thy smile as the dawn of the vernal day. In thy hand is the strength of thousands, and thy health is the health of millions. Thy palace is gladdened by the song of praise, and thy path perfumed by the breath of benediction. Thy subjects gaze upon thy greatness, and think of danger or misery no more. Why, Seged, wilt not thou partake the blessings thou bestowest? Why shouldst thou only forbear to rejoice in this general felicity? Why should thy face be clouded with anxiety, when the meanest of those who call thee sovereign, gives the day to festivity and the night to peace? At length, Seged, reflect & be wise. What is the gift of conquest but safety, why are riches collected but to purchase happiness?"

Seged then ordered the house of pleasure, built in an island of the lake Dambea, to be prepared for his reception. "I will retire," says he, "for ten days from tumult and care, from counsels and decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of the governors of nations, but a cessation of ten days cannot be denied me. This short interval of happiness may surely be secured from the interruption of fear or perplexity, sorrow or disappointment. I will exclude all trouble from my abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever may confuse the harmony of the concert, or a-

bate the sweetnes of the banquet. I will fill the whole capacity of my soul with enjoyment, and try what it is to live without a wish unsatisfied."

In a few days the orders were performed, and Seged hastened to the palace of Dambea, which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads its colours to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden, were open walks for excursions in the morning; in another, thick groves and silent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repose at noon. All that could solace the sense, or flatter the fancy, all that industry could extort from nature, or wealth furnish to art, all that conquest could seize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region Seged summoned all the persons of his court, who seemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleasure.—His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haste to be fated with felicity. They sailed jocund over the lake, which seemed to smooth its surface before them: Their passage was cleared with music, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged landing here with his band of pleasure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with discontent, to give his heart for ten days to ease and jollity, and then fall back to the common state of man, and suffer his life to be diversified as before, with joy and sorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to consider where he should begin his circle of happiness. He had all the arts of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, since he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He chose and rejected, he resolved

and changed his resolution, till his faculties were harassed, and his thoughts confused; then returned to the apartment, where his presence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and spread the infection of uneasiness over the whole assembly. He observed their depression, and was offended, for he found his vexation increased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for consolation in his own mind: one thought flowed in upon another; a long succession of images seized his attention; the moment crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of pensiveness, till having recovered his tranquility, he lifted up his head and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun. "Such," said Seged sighing, "is the longest day of human existence: before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end."

The regret which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day, took from him all disposition to enjoy the evening; and, after

having endeavored, for the sake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not share, he resolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay down to partake with the slaves of labour and poverty the blessing of sleep.

He rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, should appear in the presence of the king with dejected countenance, or utter any expression of discontent or sorrow, should be driven forever from the palace of Dambea.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frightened away, and they who were before dancing on the lawns, or singing in the shades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Seged now met every face settled in a smile; but a smile that betrayed solitude, timidity, and constraint. He accosted his favorites with familiarity and softness; but they durst not speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent or sorrow. He proposed diversions to which no objection was made, because objection would have implied uneasiness; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other desire than to signalize themselves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topics of conversation, but obtained only forced jests and laborious laughter, and after many attempts to animate his train to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confess to himself the impotence of command, and resign another day to grief and disappointment.

He at last relieved his companions from their terrors, and shut himself up in his chamber to ascertain, by different measures, the felicity of the succeeding days. At length he threw himself on the bed, and closed his eyes, but imagined in his sleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and waked with all the terrors of a man struggling in the water. He composed himself again to rest, but was affrighted by an imaginary intrusion into his kingdom, and striving, as is usual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himself betrayed to his enemies, and again started up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was so strongly impressed upon his mind, that he could sleep no more. He rose, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invasion, nor was he able to disengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy and ease in any amusement. At length his perturbation gave way to reason, and he resolved no longer to be harassed by visionary mis-

ties; but before this resolution could be completed, half the day had elapsed: he felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human schemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakness of that being, whose quiet was to be interrupted by vapours of the fancy. Having been first disturbed by a dream, he afterwards grieved that a dream could disturb him. He at last discovered, that his terrors and grief were equally vain, and that to lose the present in lamenting the past, was voluntarily to protract a melancholy vision. The third day was now declining, and *Seged* again resolved to be happy on the morrow.

(To be concluded in our next.)

From the RAMBLER.

### ANNINGAIT AND AJUT,

A GREENLAND STORY.

*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
Arbor astricta recreatur Auri;  
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo;  
Dulce loquentur.*

Hor.

Place me where never summer breeze  
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;  
Where ever-lowering clouds appears,  
And angry fire deforms th' inclement year:  
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,—  
The nymph who sweetly speaks and sweetly  
smiles.

FRANCIS.

OF the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions; part is distributed by nature and part is in a great measure appropriated by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of *Indian* groves; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases.—But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others, on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see every day beings, yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is less superable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for this philosophical abstraction. A native of *England* pinched with the frosts of *December*, may lessen his affection for his own country, by suffering his imagination to wander in the fruitful vales of *Afia*, and sport among woods that are always green and streams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquility, and while he stirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence, that he is not placed in *Greenland* or *Siberia*.

The barrenness of the earth and the severity

of the skies in these dreary countries, are such as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress, so that the care of escaping death from cold and hunger, should leave no room for those passions which, in other countries influence conduct or diversify characters; the summer should be spent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for the summer.

Yet learned curiosity is known to have found its way in these abodes of poverty and gloom: *Lapland* and *Iceland* have their historians, their eritics, and their poets; and Love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the same power in the *Greenlander's* hut as in the palaces of the eastern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of *Greenland* retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants *Annigait* and *Ajut*, from a supposed resemblance of their ancestors of the same name, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

*Annigait* for some time heard the praises of *Ajut* with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before *Ajut* the tail of the whale. *Ajut* seemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear, but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye on her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon *Annigait*, that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested, that "She was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morsel, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice; that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of *Amarec*, and rescue her from the ravine of *Hafgufa*." He concluded with a wish, that "whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with *Ajut*, might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that *Ajut* would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments; but *Ajut*, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

*Annigait* and *Ajut* for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. *Annigait*, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence

less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast, before *Annigait* had completed his store; he therefore intreated *Ajut* that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. *Ajut* thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities. "O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider," said *Annigait*, "what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs; then must the night be past without my *Ajut*. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries, which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for summer and winter; where they raise houses in rows above the ground, dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them; can travel at any time from one place to another, through ways inclosed with trees, or over walls raised upon the inland waters; and direct their course through wide countries by the sight of green hills or scattered buildings. Even in summer, we have no means of crossing the mountains, whose snows are never dissolved; nor can remove to any distant residence but in our boats coasting the bays. Consider, *Ajut*; a few summer-days, and a few winter-nights, and the life of man is at an end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and gaiety; but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the smile of *Ajut*?"

The eloquence of *Annigait* was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### AMELIA.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN will he return? cried *Amelia*, in a desponding accent. My heart is heavy—my mind prefages the approach of some fearful incident. An air of solemn mystery surrounds me, and shakes my resolution. How gloomy is every object. Alas! no news of him who is alone master of my fate. Cruel suspense! wretched uncertainty! Perhaps—O heaven! the idea distracts me! Perhaps even now he is a prey to the fell pestilence which spares neither neither age, nor sex. Why, O why would he rush into danger! Why risk a life inestimably precious! The ties of nature impelled him on. It was indeed nobly humane and altogether worthy of his heroic and exalted nature. And yet what my reason approves the coercive voice of love perversely regrets. I sink under the weight of insupportable apprehensions. His image appears before me convulsed with agony.

Sometimes he is present to my imagination lifeless and inanimate, his expressive eyes sealed in eternal night. Preserve, O preserve him,

righteous Father, and compose my agitated spirits!

It was midnight.—Silence and sleep usurped their dominions. The dark forest gently moved with the hollow wind which murmured through its recesses. The anxious and care-worn mind at such a time and place might meditate even to madness. Amelia threw herself sorrowfully on her couch, but in vain invoked repose. Busy fancy conjured images replete with horror, and tears unabidden bedewed her pillow. At this terrific hour, a loud and reiterated knocking at the door, shook the solitary mansion. The sound fell like the weight of death on Amelia's heart! Palsied with unutterable anticipations she lay almost inanimate and in breathless expectation of her impending doom. She listened, and heard a discordant voice pronounce "*he was buried yesterday.*" It was enough. The ultimate completion of earthly misery. The overwhelming tide of grief rendered her still immovably silent. Like the inanimate marble no words, sighs or tears announced her an inhabitant of earth.

At length returning life rendered her capable of perception, and the tidings confirming his dissolution, assailed her ears. Amelia's fears had proved prophetic. And her ardent dream of happiness was forever blasted. Even the last gleam of hope disappeared, and unutterable pangs tortured her tender heart!

Feelings of a firmer texture have been unable to sustain a shock less afflictive. Hence her reason was vanquished, but feverish life still played around her heart.

Rising from her couch, she rushed with wild perturbation, phrenzied aspect, and all the sad concomitants of distraction. To the Forest she winged her almost supernatural flight. Unmindful of the settled gloom, the numerous impediments in her way, or the opposing brambles which tore her delicate limbs, she gained the summit of an aspiring mountain, whose threatening brow projected over the deep wood below. And now, she exclaimed with wild rapture, I have rescued my beloved—Behold his dear smile of the purest love and most fervent gratitude.—Ah! do not leave your Amelia! Stay O stay, am I not your friend! Repose your aching head on my fond breast.—I will bind up your beating temples, nay I will pray for your recovery.—You loved me once, I believed your vows.—They are registered in my heart, see! the characters are legible.—We have enemies, indeed we have.—They told me you were dead. Come let us fly from hence, quick! quick!—The winds roar, the waves beat upon the rocks, the leaves fall, yet he returns not.—I'll hear no more tales of love;—I am too credulous.—Now since the storm has ceased, and the thunders roll no more, I'll sit under this pleasant shade and sing.—Yes, I will go—they never shall part us more!—Here the frantic Amelia plunged from the dizzy height!

#### ANECDOTE.

The Surgeon of the Monarch is remarkable for recommending the use of sea water for the complaints of the crew. Some time since admiral Onslow and his officers dined together at Yarmouth, to celebrate the victory of the 1st October. The day was spent in gaiety, and the party separated with a large portion of wine on board, the Surgeon in particular was groggy; he staggered to the jetty, but while

waiting the arrival of the boat which was to take him off, he lost his equilibrium, and tumbled into the sea.—One of the crew who stood behind Sir R. Onslow, instantly tapped the admiral on the shoulder, saying, "Your honor, d—n my eyes but the Doctor has tumbled into his medicine chest."

#### NEWARK, FEBRUARY 2.



#### —MARRIAGES—

At Lambertton, (Burlington county) on Wednesday evening the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. M'Gowan, Mr. ENOCH SHREIVE, to the amiable and accomplished Miss ELIZABETH HOUGH, both of Lambertton.

On Wednesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Rue, Mr. JOHN BURROUGHS of Hopewell, to Miss MARY HOWELL. On Thursday Mr. JOHN PRIMMER to Miss POLLY ROBERTS.

#### —THE MORALIST—

LIFE is a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perishes if one be dried—it is a *silver cord* twisted with a thousand strings that parts asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers which make it much more strange that they escape so long than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents ever ready to crush the mouldering tenement that we inhabit—The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by the hand of nature—The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw our life, are impregnated with death—Health is made to operate its own destruction—The food that nourishes the body contains the elements of its decay—The soul that animates it by a vivifying fire tends to wear it out by its action—Death lurks in ambush about all our paths.

Notwithstanding this is a truth so palpable, and confirmed by daily examples before our eyes, how little do they lay it to heart! We see our friends and neighbours perishing around us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our own knell, perhaps, shall give the next fruitless warning to the world.

RELIGION is making great progress among the Negroes in the West India Islands; the Moravian congregation in St. Kitt's comprises 1878 slaves; in Antigua, during the last year, 270 Negroes were baptised, and 284 admitted to the sacrament.

#### HUMAN LIFE.

HUMAN life is like a Ferry Boat. He who pays, goes out of it with approbation; but he who passes to the other side without once reflecting that he shall be made debtor in his passage, and parts not with his pence, must look out sharp lest he be kicked out of the boat.—So, in life, he who does enough to pay society for the benefits he receives, pays his two pence and goes off; but he who regards his own happiness as connected with the community, or in other words, gives the Ferryman a shilling, will insure to himself a safe and easy passage—he shall know the joys of benevolence.

A whimsical writer has illustrated *Christian Charity* by the following fable:—A poor man

fell down in an apoplectic fit; a *Churchman* raised his head from the ground by lifting him under his arms, while a *Presbyterian* held his head and whiped his face with a handkerchief; a *Roman Catholic* Lady took out her smelling bottle and assiduously applied it to his nose; a *Methodist* ran for a doctor; a *Quaker* supported his poor wife, and a *Baptist* took care of the children!

#### SECUNDITY.

JAMES HUNTER, a man of about 50 years of age, his wife 30, living on the lands of William Stockton, Esq. of Evansham township, in the county of Burlington, had eight children at three births; two at a birth respectively, and four at the third; the last four died. She is the mother of in all about twenty children.

#### ODDITIES OF MR. HAGEMORE.

The Rev. Mr. Hagemore, of Calthorpe, Leicestershire, died the 1st of Jan. 1746, possessed of the following effects viz. 700l. per annum, and 1000l. in money, which (he dying intestate) fell to a ticket porter in London.

He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment on an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs and fire his gun.

He lost his life as follows: going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him suddenly, and threw him into a pond where he was breast high. The servants heard him call out for assistance, but, being locked up could not lend him any.

He had thirty gowns and cassocks, fifty-eight dogs, one hundred pair of breeches, one hundred pair of boots, four hundred pair of shoes, eighty wigs, yet always wore his own hair, eighty waggons and carts, eighty ploughs, and used none, fifty faddles and furniture for the menage, thirty wheel-barrows, so many walking sticks, that a toy man in Leicester fields bid his executor eight pounds for them, sixty horses and mares, three hundred pick-axes, two hundred spades and shovels, seventy-five ladders, and two hundred and forty razors.



#### —OBITUARY—

DIED—At Moores-town, (Burlington county) last week, RICHARD EDWARDS, Esq.

At Monmouth the 18th inst. departed this life in the 26th year of her age, Mrs. SARAH MARSH FORMAN, wife of William Gordon Forman Esq. of Monmouth, and daughter of the late General Forman.

At Baltimore, the celebrated Poet, ROBERT MERRY, Esq.

Adieu, gentle bard, on thy flow'r-woven tomb  
The Muses shall mourn o'er their fav'rite child,  
And Fancy, with brow over-clouded in gloom,  
Forget to enchant with her frolics so wild.

From Crusca's deep shades shall sage Science repair

To sigh for the Poet, who chaunted so sweet,  
And Genii ethereal shall carol in air

Thy dirge, which lorn Echoes shall sadly repeat.

Adieu, gentle bard, thy Matilda shall sing  
One strain of des pair, and abandon her lyre,  
The frenzy of anguish her bosom shall wring,  
For Merit and MERRY no longer inspire.

POETRY.

The pleasing art of poetry's design'd  
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind ;  
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,  
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire ;  
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,  
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.

WERTER's FAREWELL  
TO  
CHARLOTTE.

"Sunt lacrima rerum : et mentem mortalia tangunt." Virg. Æ. I. 466.

THE conflict's o'er—ah! lovely maid, adieu!  
Before these sad, these parting lines, you view ;  
Before the fields with early dawn shall bloom,  
Your Werter rests beneath the silent tomb :  
No more to view the beauties of the day,  
No more to listen to thy heavenly lay,  
To sit, in transport, and to hear thee talk,  
Or with thee wander, in an eve'ning walk,  
Along the margin of the winding flood,  
Thro' the green field's, or in the shady wood.

O ! Charlotte ! when you see the flood arise,  
And wintry storms descending from the skies,  
The watry gloom that fills the plain below,  
And all around one dreary waste of snow ;  
Wilt you not then a sigh in sorrow heave,  
For the lost pleasures of a summer's eve,  
Recall the time when you so oft have seen,  
Thy hapless lover on the verdant green,  
Or thro' the vale approaching from the grove,  
To view thy charms and pine in hopeles's love.  
Gaze on thy angel form, for without thee,  
The world appear'd a boundless blank to me.  
As when to seamen, from the midnight skies  
The moon's bright beams in brilliant glory rise,  
To guide them wand'ring thro' the watry plain,  
Or land them on their native shores again ;  
Thus, Charlotte, I no other joy could see,  
Than pass the vacant day and gaze on thee,  
Live in thy joys, or in thy sorrows die,  
" And drink delicious poison from thine eye,"  
As the lost insect round the taper flies,  
And courts the fatal flame by which it dies.  
But, Charlotte, now those fleeting joys are fled,  
And Werter sinks among the silent dead ;  
His mem'ry lost, and e'en his name unknown,  
The time shall come when in the vacant mind,  
The fondest friend no trace of me shall find ;  
When e'en my kindred my sad fate shall hear,  
And view my mould'ring grave without a tear,  
Think on the light impressions of the mind,  
Which flee as midnight dreams, and leave no trace behind.

This eve I wander'd thro' each beauteous scene  
Each fertile valley and each level green,  
Pensive and sad I view'd the foaming flood ;  
And the wild winds disturb the silent wood.  
Beheld the son's great orb, in glory bright,  
Descend behind the western surge in night ;  
While on the hill to see its beams, I stood,  
And view'd it sinking in the briny flood,  
I felt my heart with double sorrows prest,  
And life's last hope desert my throbbing breast ;  
The world's vast scene forever clos'd from sight,  
And all involv'd in one eternal night.

Ah ! shall I ne'er again thy image know,  
In these sad realms of misery and woe.

Or is there yet a place in heav'n design'd,  
For helpless mortals by the eternal mind,  
Some winding valley or some shady grove,  
Some blissful mansions in the realms above,  
Where Charlotte's shade and mine may one day meet,

Our sufferings ended and our bliss complete,  
In the bright regions of eternal light,  
Where all is perfect joy and pure delight.

When in the summer's eve you chance to stray  
Thro' the low vale, or on the broad high way,  
Or in the church-yard, thro' the shady trees,  
You hear the whistling of the midnight breeze,  
Wave the high grass, in solitary gloom,  
Around the heap that shews thy lover's tomb—  
Ah, then will you not one sad thought bestow,  
On him who could no greater blessing know  
Than pass the hour in fleeting joys with thee,  
Gaze on thy charms and watch thy wandering eye,  
Observe the beauteous image of thy mind,  
Disclose a soul for heaven alone design'd,  
Or view thy distant form amidst the trees,  
And thy white tresses floating in the breeze ;  
Or see thy fingers strike, with tender lays,  
Such notes as bards in heaven alone can raise ;  
Such notes as Orpheus' self might learn to hear,  
And force from Pluto's soul the melting tear.  
Yes, Charlotte's self, my sad remains shall see,  
And Charlotte's tender heart will heave a sigh  
for me.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

THE Curfew tolls from yonder village site,  
Far o'er the plain the bierless corse appears ;  
Dark Ev'ning sheds the misty airs of Night,  
And weeping Friendship melts in silent tears.

The cheerless crowd assemble from the fields,  
And gaze intent upon the mourning train ;  
To solemn silence ev'ry rustic yields,  
And awful thoughts engross th' unletter'd brain.

Not as in cities, where a numerous throng  
Pay their last tribute to departed worth ;  
Where fable shroud, and pall, and scarfs belong,  
And gilded plates to dignify each birth.

No pomp is seen to stalk amid the train,  
No bright escutcheons mark the coffin lid,  
No decorations here—all truly plain—  
For rural sense had ev'ry pomp forbid.

The village parson slowly steps before,  
Two weeping relatives—two friends behind :  
No fun'ral train of days of ancient yore,  
Ere yet impress'd so sorrowful a mind.

Solemn and slow now moves the corse along,  
And gains the venerable house of prayer ;  
Where village nymphs and swains in concourse  
throng,

To mourn lost worth, and shed a tribute there.  
The Curfew tolls afar the awful knell

Bears the sad tidings to the country round ;  
Loud shrieks the owl—shril chirps the whip-  
perwell,

While prospects darken at the dismal sound.

The hallow'd earth receives the cold remains,  
With hollow voice the parson slow proceeds ;  
From sighs and tears scarce he himself restrains,  
And ev'ry heart the awful lesson heeds.

Here ends th' obsequious rite, and homeward  
bends

With sorrowing steps, each weeping friend  
his way ;

While dark'ning Night her solemn silence lends,  
And casts a gloom o'er ev'ry cheering ray.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

ON thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers  
The maid thy earli'st, fondest wishes knew.  
Each soft enchantment of the soul is her's ;  
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hestitating grace  
She wins assurance from his soothing voice !  
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,  
Smiles thro' her blushes, and confirms the choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame !  
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears !  
To thee she turns with surest, tenderest claim ;  
Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears !

At each response the sacred rite requires,  
From her full bosom bursts the unhidden sigh,  
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires ;  
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play !  
What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend !  
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,  
And settled sunshine in her soul descend !

Ah soon, thine own confess, ecstatic thought !  
That hand shall strew each flinty path with  
flowers !  
And those blue eyes ; with mildest lustre  
Gild the calm current of domestic hours !

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A Poor helpless wand'rer the wide world before  
me,

When the harsh din of war forc'd a parent  
to roam,  
With no friend, save kind heav'n, to protect  
and watch o'er me.

I, a child of affliction, was robb'd of a home ;  
And thus with a sigh, I accosted each stranger—  
O look with compassion on poor orphan Bess !  
Your mite may relieve me from each threat'ning  
danger,

And the soft tear of pity can sooth her distress.  
To the rich, by whom Virtue's too often neg-  
lected,

I tell my sad story, and crave their relief,  
But wealth seldom feels for a wretch unprotected,  
'Tis Poverty only partakes of her grief :  
Ah ! little they think, that the thousands they

squander  
On the play-things of folly, and fripp'ries of  
dress,  
Would relieve the keen wants of the wretched  
who wander,  
Whilst the soft tear of Pity would sooth their  
distress.

Tho' bereft of each comfort poor Bess will not  
languish,  
Since short is life's journey, 'tis vain to lament :  
And he who still marks the deep sigh of keen  
anguish,

Hath plac'd in his bosom the jewel Content.  
Then, ye wealthy to-day, think, ah ! think, ere  
to-morrow,  
The frowns of Misfortune upon you may pres-  
And turn not away from a poor orphan's sorrow,  
When the soft tear of Pity can sooth her dis-  
tress.

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By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,  
For THE PROPRIETORS.